

Islandic.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,"
An island near the shore,
And lasting is my privilege,
Its treasures to explore.

The mystic main-land silver beach
Shows beauties old and fair;
And glittering waves their lessons teach,
Of music rich and rare.

Great rivers, from their silvery heights,
Roll down in measure strong,
And bear up their bosom freights
Of laughter loving song.

From signal stations in the heights,
Flash many a semaphore,
And bid the soul with strong delight
To come, and sing, and soar.

Garments of light adorn the strand,
And waves of life the shore;
The mustering hosts of the old mainland
Are free men evermore.

